

Popular Songs

Arranged for the

GUITAR

- | | | | |
|--|------------|--|-----------------------|
| 1 <i>Rock me to sleep Mother</i> | LESLIE 3 | 2 <i>Basket makers child</i> | THOMPSON 2 |
| 3 <i>Ring the bell softly</i> | CATLIN 3 | 4 <i>Hark! Hark! Hark! we hear them coming</i> | CROMWELL 3 |
| 5 <i>'Tis past midnight why dont he come</i> | CLEMENCE 3 | 6 <i>She is waiting for us there</i> | BUCKLEY 3 |
| 7 <i>Mollie's welcome to Pat Maloy</i> | DANA 3 | 8 <i>I'm glad Father's come</i> | BLAMPHIN 3 |
| 9 <i>Beautiful Sunset</i> | FOSTER 3 | 10 <i>Sweet Sister pray for me</i> | WHITNEY 2 |
| 11 <i>Ella Dean</i> | WILSON 2 | 12 <i>Seeing Nellie home</i> | FLETCHER 2 |
| 13 <i>Our sister Nellie Dear</i> | BARROWS 2 | 14 <i>Jessie Graeme</i> | THOMPSON 3 |
| 15 <i>Down by the gate</i> | THOMAS 3 | 16 <i>Singers and Songs</i> | FOSTER 3 |
| 17 <i>Sweet child of the glen</i> | LOCKE 3 | 18 <i>Love among the roses</i> | CATLIN 3 ¹ |
| 19 <i>Going back to mother</i> | FOSTER 3 | 20 <i>Little Daisy's evening prayer</i> | DANA 3 |
| 21 | | 22 | |
| 23 | | 24 | |

BOSTON

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1865-

THOMPSON

17438

THE BASKET MAKERS CHILD.

Arr. for Guitar

By Geo. Bemis.

1. Where the green willows wav'd by the brook, And the sweet waters danced and
 2. Oh weep not for me she said, Tho' the death damp has dimm'd my
 3. Let me rest be-side the brook, Where the sweet waters flow so

smiled, In a cottage nestled in a qui - et nook, Dwelt the basket maker's child.
 eye, My Saviour's hand is be-neath my head, I do not fear to die.
 mild, And carve on the tree where I used to play, The basket maker's child.

'Twas the ho - ly sab - bath eve, The stars twinkled bright in the sky, The
 I go to my happy home, My earth work is al - most done, And I
 Where the green willows wave by the brook, And the sweet waters played and smiled, We have

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hills re-ech-oed the night bird's song, When they told me she must die.
 hear my bless-ed Saviour's words, "Let lit - - tle children come?"
 laid her to rest and carved on the oak, The bas - ket ma - ker's child.

Chorus.

The green willows waved by the brook, the stars glitter'd bright in the

sky, The wind's low moan the dry leaves shook, On that

stil-ly night by that murn'ring brook, When they told me she must die.

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